



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LD

3275

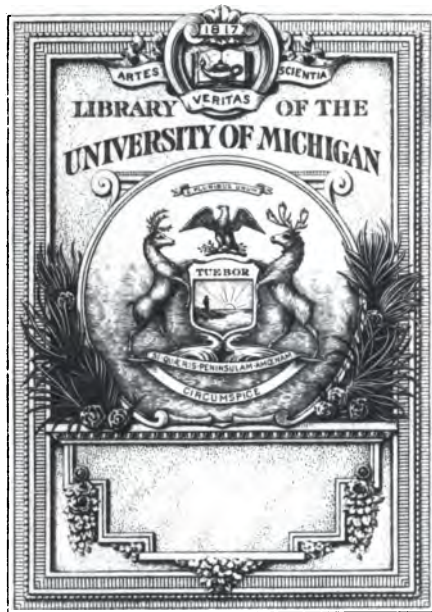
.1869

M62

B

1,361,049

Mich. Univ. — Exercises at the unveiling of the  
monument---in memory of Henry Simmons. Frieze



THE GIFT OF  
William W. Bishop

EXERCISES

AT THE

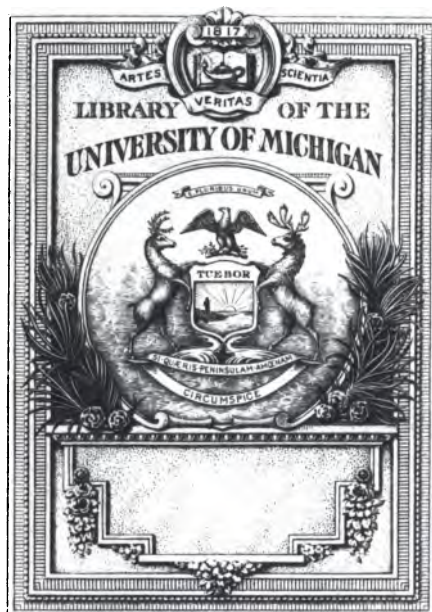
Unveiling of the  
Monument

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF

Henry Simmons Frieze

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

1899



THE GIFT OF  
**William W. Bishop**



EXERCISES

AT THE

Unveiling of the  
Monument

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF

Henry Simmons Frieze

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

1899

LD  
3275  
.1869  
M62

10

Wm. W. Bishop  
217  
7-23-1928

*The monument erected in memory of Professor Henry Simmons Frieze was unveiled by President Angell on Alumni Day, June the twenty-first, 1899, at three o'clock.*

*The Committee charged with the erection of the monument desire here to express their grateful appreciation of the kind assistance of the Alumni, more than six hundred in number, who sent contributions to the fund. This pamphlet is printed and distributed to the contributors with the surplus left after meeting all expenses connected with the erection of the monument, and after depositing with the trustees of the Forest Hill Cemetery a sum sufficient to provide for the care of the lot.*

*The brief addresses at the unveiling are printed in the order in which they were given.*

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN,

August the first, 1899.





# Order of Exercises

## THE MONUMENT

PROFESSOR MARTIN L. D'OOGHE

Class of 1862

## THE OCCASION

MR. EDWARD W. PENDLETON

Class of 1872

## THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT

PRESIDENT JAMES B. ANGELL

## PROFESSOR FRIEZE AS A TEACHER

MR. H. H. C. MILLER

Class of 1868

## ODE

MR. GEORGE HORTON

Class of 1878

## THE SERVICES OF PROFESSOR FRIEZE TO THE PROFESSION

PROFESSOR FRANCIS W. KELSEY

## BENEDICTION

THE REV. HENRY C. GRANGER

Class of 1871



## THE MONUMENT

*Professor MARTIN L. D'OUGE, Class of 1862*

We are assembled in this peaceful resting place of the dead, and on this beautiful day, to do honor to the memory of our beloved teacher and friend, Professor Henry Simmons Frieze, about whose grave we are standing. The suggestion to erect here a suitable monument to mark the spot where rest his ashes came from the class of 1867.

On Tuesday of Commencement week, 1897, members of this class who were celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of their graduation, came to the Forest Hill cemetery to assist in laying to rest the remains of Professor De Volson Wood, who had been a member of the Faculty of the University during the years 1860-1872. As they turned away from his grave they sought that of Professor Frieze. Finding it only with difficulty, they were deeply impressed with the fact that there was nothing to mark the spot where their venerated and beloved teacher was sleeping his last

sleep. The purpose to erect some memorial on this spot was at once conceived, and on the next day the matter was brought forward at the Alumni meeting by Mr. George L. Maris.

The Alumni heartily seconded the suggestion of erecting a monument, and a committee consisting of Messrs. George L. Maris (class of '67), J. Q. A. Sessions ('56), Louis P. Jocelyn ('87), I. Giles Lewis ('68) and Jerome C. Knowlton ('75) was appointed to receive contributions and carry out the design. It was thought desirable that as many of the former pupils of Professor Frieze as possible should share in the privilege of this undertaking, and that accordingly the individual subscriptions should be limited to one dollar, unless more should be needed to assure the erection of the monument.

The original committee was found to be too widely separated to co-operate readily, and too few in number to act with efficiency. Accordingly at a meeting of the Alumni Association directors the committee was enlarged by the addition of William E. Quinby ('58), Martin L. D'Ooge ('62), Edward D. Kinne ('64) and Francis W. Kelsey, the successor of Professor Frieze in the chair of Latin.

The new committee found that a larger sum would be needed than was at first deemed adequate, in order to erect such a monument as would reflect credit upon the Alumni and be worthy of the man whom they proposed thus to honor. A fresh appeal was made for contributions, and a generous response was at once received.

After careful consideration the committee adopted for a model the well-known sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, in the Vatican Museum, a miniature copy of which Dr. Frieze had brought with him many years ago from Rome, and which it was known that he greatly admired.

The contract for building the monument was awarded to Mr. J. H. Cartwright, of Cartwright Bros., Detroit, who has spared no pains to make his work as perfect as possible. The material of the base is Barre granite; the upper part is of Milford granite, a stone selected because it is capable of being worked in sharply defined lines. Of the workmanship and the inscription it is unnecessary to speak.

We trust that this monument may stand long years after we have gone to our eternal sleep, to bear witness to future generations of

students and alumni of our undying love and admiration for the noble man, the cultivated scholar, and the beloved teacher and friend to whose memory it is consecrated.





## THE OCCASION

*Mr. EDWARD W. PENDLETON, Class of 1872*

We that are mortal are gathered here in this city of the immortal to express our appreciation and gratitude for the character and service of Professor Frieze while he remained among us.

We recall his marked individuality, tempered by the most sensitive consideration for the judgments and feelings of others. Of purest classic culture, of highest intellectual and spiritual attainments, he seemed a companion of Plato, a citizen of Athens in its golden age.

Genuine and unassuming in his interest and sympathy with pupils, he won our affection no less than our respect; he was always companionable without the sacrifice of dignity. And even in his latest years, in the words of Anacreon,

"Age was on his temples hung,  
But his heart, his heart was young."

"The *good* that men do lives after them"—if we may misquote the inspired Shakespeare—



and thousands of alumni scattered throughout the world gratefully acknowledge the helpful and elevating influence of Professor Frieze.

With singular fidelity he pursued his life-work from youth to old age, with a loyalty and courage that are equally heroic, whether found in the quiet shade of academic groves or amid the tumult of the forum or the camp.

We may purple the ground with flowers and wreath the sculptured urn; but as Lincoln said at Gettysburg, "In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate; it is rather for us, the living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work that has been begun; that from the honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they lived."

## THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT

*President JAMES B. ANGELL*

This monument, which loving pupils of our dear friend, Dr. Frieze, have reared over his last resting place, is now presented to our view.

It was a happy thought to choose as the model for it the well-known Tomb of Scipio. For this sarcophagus was above all others admired by Dr. Frieze. He kept a small copy of it on his library table, and I have heard him frequently speak in his fervid manner of its faultless proportions.

I must not intrude on the field of another, who is to speak fitting words in behalf of the Alumni of the University, to whom this spot will be ever dear. But as it was my good fortune to know Dr. Frieze, and to be one of his pupils, years before he could have been known to any of you Alumni, may I be permitted to say that there are not a few gray-haired men in the East, who will hear with delight and with gratitude to you of this token of appreciation of one who as Tutor in Brown University or as

Principal of the College Street Grammar School in Providence won their hearts as he afterwards won yours. The vigor and zest and enthusiasm and charm of the young teacher are cherished in the memory of those early pupils, and in their name I thank you for the opportunity of laying their tribute with yours on this monument. To them, as to you, this will henceforth be a sacred shrine.

## PROFESSOR FRIEZE AS A TEACHER

*Mr. H. H. C. MILLER, Class of 1868*

The work of a true teacher, whose aim is not only to impart knowledge, but also to develop harmoniously all of the faculties of his students and to inspire them with the highest motives, ranks first in importance. It seldom attracts attention or wins applause. It is usually done quietly, away from the public view, and always without adequate pecuniary reward. Frequently it is carried on under adverse conditions, and it is often criticised as valueless by the superficial observer. He regards it as impractical, because its results are not immediately visible. It relates, however, to character, to the future as well as the present, and requires patience and hope, as well as industry and tact. No other vocation demands such wide information, such thorough and varied training. The teacher may be a specialist in the sense that he teaches a single subject, but to teach that well, he must have large general knowledge. He must love all truth, keep his eyes open to the light, and be

in sympathy with every form of noble endeavor. He must also love his students, believe in them in spite of their infirmities, and expect that they will be made better by the truth he teaches. He must be an optimist, and have only the loftiest ideals. To him all facts seem related, and when properly understood, harmonize perfectly with each other. He is neither an agnostic nor a cynic, an egotist nor a bigot; he himself must be teachable, hopeful, modest and tolerant. The true teacher does not consider the thing taught to be in itself of chief importance. Many fail at this point. The thing taught is only a means to an end; culture and education, the quickening, broadening and strengthening of all the mental and moral faculties, are the objects to be kept in view. A recluse, or a mere reader of books, never succeeds as a teacher, and it is seldom that a man who devotes himself simply to investigation has any aptitude for teaching. A true teacher must be a good judge of human nature, able to estimate the qualities and peculiarities of each student and direct him accordingly. He must be a thoroughly good man, so sincere and true that every one is impressed and influenced by his life, as well as by his words.

Have I sketched simply an ideal teacher? Have these high qualities ever met in any one man? Have any of us known such a teacher? Fortunately for the world and for us, there have been teachers who possessed all of these and other noble qualities. There are such now, and we reverence them. We are their debtors.

And how broad and permanent is their influence! Exercised at a time when the mind of the student is receptive and his character unformed, how great is its power! To no other vocation do such opportunities come as to that of the true teacher. He wields the power that rules the world. It is not strange then that we have a warm affection for the teachers who have helped to mould our characters and that we revere the memory of those who, having finished their work, have gone to their rest. A classmate of mine said to me a few days ago: "I did not learn much of Physics during the year I was in Professor Williams's class, but I am sure that I was greatly helped by contact with him in the class room; somehow his influence has never left me."

Thirty-one years have passed away since I left the University. Most of the Professors whom I knew best are now dead. They were nearly all great teachers and belonged to the



class I have tried to describe. Among them were Dr. Haven, the learned, genial and tactful President; Professor Olney, the thorough and conscientious teacher of Mathematics; Dr. Winchell, the lover of nature, beloved by all his students; Professor Williams, kind and considerate, not skilled in the arts of the pedagogue, but still a true educator; Professor Boise, the ideal instructor and strict disciplinarian, precise in manner and speech, but with a soul full of goodness and love. But while I would pay high tribute to all of these and others, I remember with special pleasure and gratitude the man in whose honor this classic and beautiful monument has been erected.

Professor Henry S. Frieze was the highest type of a true teacher. He combined all of the essential qualities in a character harmoniously developed, a character gentle and delicate in its refinement, and yet forceful and strong. It is difficult to analyze such a man, just as it is difficult to analyze the perfume of a flower, for he possessed certain rare and almost indefinable qualities which we who knew him recognized and felt, but find it difficult to express. A man might leave his classes without distinction as a Latin scholar, but he could not fail to catch the spirit of the teacher, to be impressed

to some extent by the beauty of classical literature, and, best of all, to have an incentive to better living. Professor Frieze was in the highest sense a refined, Christian gentleman. No one ever associated him for a moment with anything coarse or impure, or doubted his absolute sincerity. In manner, he was courteous and dignified, and his address uniformly kind. It was easy to approach him, and yet no one thought of being familiar with him. We can all recall his handsome face, classical in its outlines and expressive in every feature of the beautiful soul within. His nervous manner, sometimes observed, was due to the strain upon a most delicate nervous system, extremely sensitive and frequently over-worked; but it never caused him to be ungracious to the poorest student in his classes.

His culture was broad and thorough and his learning varied and exact. Though greatly distinguished as a Latin scholar, he knew Greek and Hebrew well, and spoke fluently several of the modern languages. He read widely, but with discrimination, and was unusually well informed in the best literature, ancient and modern. He had the poetic temperament, and although he rarely wrote verse, he had the ability to express the best thoughts

in choice metaphor. His imaginative faculties, naturally rich, were trained by the study of the best poets, and a retentive memory enabled him to carry with him many of their choicest treasures.

He had also in a marked degree the artistic taste, the ability to appreciate beauty in any form. This he carefully cultivated and had he so chosen, he might have been distinguished as a critic of painting and sculpture.

His soul was full of music. He loved it passionately. He was especially well acquainted with the best masters of the classical school, and played the organ with wonderful expression.

Such in brief is my estimate of Professor Frieze, my ideal of a true teacher. A man so highly endowed could not fail to influence for good every life he touched. And so the Alumni who knew him, venerate his memory and acknowledge themselves to be his debtors. With other friends who value his services, we have been glad to provide this monument and with loving hearts to join in this simple ceremony.

## ODE

*Mr. GEORGE HORTON, Class of 1878*

Lo, June is come again, the joyous season.  
When budding hope bursts open like a flower,  
And any thought of sorrow seems a treason,  
For love and life are wedded and in power.  
And they have turned the world into a bridal bower.

Lo, June is come again. With full-blown roses  
Heaped in the hollow of her lifted gown,  
She lingers in the fragrant garden closes;  
Or where her water-lilies swoon and drown  
In their own heavy perfume—there she wanders down.

And she has been into the shy, wild places,  
Seeking her children with unwearied feet,  
And calling till a million tiny faces  
Uplift in mossy nook and cool retreat,  
And all the woodland ways are beautiful and sweet.

And yet she brings to us the old vague sorrow.  
However gorgeously her roses blow,  
Their beauty is to-day's; they cannot borrow  
For us the fragrance that we used to know,  
Nor any wind can bring it from the long ago.

How tenderly the ancient poet singeth,  
And yet with pagan sadness in the strain,  
That Spring, returning to his garden, bringeth  
The wonted plants that Winter would have slain—  
Alas! No season brings our vanished friends again.

Here are the maidens, girded with the joyance  
Of brave, high womanhood, our sweetest pride;  
Here are the youths again, with eager buoyance,  
And more than Elia beauty glorified;  
They say the old farewells, and then—the world is wide.

But where is he, who in the days departed,  
Haunted our groves for many and many a year;  
The scholar exquisite, the gracious-hearted  
And courtly gentleman whom we revere?  
It is our festal season, and he is not here!

It seems but yesterday, in grave, kind fashion,  
And patient love that for our faults sufficed,  
He guided us, unwitting how the passion  
Of all things beautiful his soul enticed,  
Who had the taste of Horace and the faith of Christ.

Stern scholar and most gentle critic; teacher  
Whose winning gifts the wisest strove to share;  
Poet and sweet musician, earnest preacher  
Whose life was both a sermon and a prayer,  
What can we say or do to make his fame more fair?

Queen June is come with her imperious graces,  
Her myriad banished roses to restore;  
No season brings again the dear old faces  
Nor the kind voices that we loved of yore,  
For they are silent now and gone, forevermore.

Silent and gone our Teacher, great and gracious,  
Leaving a memory that will never fade,  
But fill the swelling years, however spacious,  
With lasting perfume; and his gentle shade  
Shall walk for aye among our scholars, unafraid.

## THE SERVICES OF PROFESSOR FRIEZE TO THE PRO- FESSION

*Professor FRANCIS W. KELSEY*

Those to whom we have had the pleasure of listening were under the instruction of Professor Frieze; I esteem it a special privilege, as one who was not his pupil, to speak briefly of his services to the profession. The words characterizing the results of his work must be carefully chosen, for nothing would more have pained the sweet and gentle spirit of our friend than fulsome laudation, or indiscriminate praise.

With the lapse of years a man's services to his profession assume a just perspective. The results of the labors of the weak are effaced, but the true value of the lifework of the strong man becomes even more clearly apparent. A year ago, a conference of classical scholars and teachers from different parts of the country met in Ann Arbor. There were three preliminary addresses. Professor Seymour, of Yale University, spoke as representing the east;

he was followed by President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, who spoke as representing the west; and Acting-President Hutchins, of our University, gave an address of welcome. In all three addresses, the thought which was uppermost was the extent of the influence of Professor Frieze upon the classical education of the country. This united tribute, after so many years, was as remarkable in its expression of appreciation as it was spontaneous and sincere. It gave new insight into the character of the services rendered to education in the west in the formative period by Professor Frieze and his colaborer in the classical field, Professor Boise.

Professor Frieze possessed a creative mind. In several aspects of his work he was a pioneer. He was, probably, the first professor in an American college to offer a teacher's course in Latin, designed to prepare students for the best work as teachers in secondary schools. He was among the first to recommend and adopt the Roman pronunciation of Latin. He was an earnest advocate of the elective system, to the adoption of which, more than to any other single cause, the rapid development of the American university, as a characteristic educational type, has been due. He was the orig-



inator of the present system of diploma relation between the University and the schools, a system on the whole productive of incalculable good. He brought about the introduction of studies in Art and Music into our curriculum. He was the founder of the University Musical Society, the organization which is charged with the administration of the May Festival and other musical interests outside the work of instruction in the department of Music. Finally, his contributions to educational literature were important and of more than ephemeral interest.

Of the two editions of Latin classics which Professor Frieze put forth, the one, an edition of the tenth and twelfth books of Quintilian, was the means of introducing the study of this author into American colleges. The other, an edition of Virgil, which was first published in 1860, inaugurated in our schools a new era in the interpretation of the poet. Twice the Virgil was revised in his lifetime; and notwithstanding the publication, in the meantime, of many other editions, the demand for it still continues. In his books, as in his teaching, Professor Frieze broke with the old tradition according to which classical writings were to be looked upon chiefly as material for grammatical analysis, for pars-